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## DEEDS—NOT WORDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"I CANNOT express how deeply I feel obliged to you. I shall never forget it. Now look, my good fellow, you have only to tell me what you want, and it shall be procured."

When Charles Cherry had concluded this speech, he shook most cordially by the hand the humble-looking youth to whom it was addressed; and turning to the friend who was by his side, exclaimed, with all the ardour of his nature, "Here, Richard! Why, Dick Raymond, have you no kind word to give James Hodges! But for James I should have been food for fishes by this time."

"Master Richard," replied the young farmer—and when he spoke his face lit up with a grateful expression that illumined his heaviness into something like beauty—"Master Richard has done more for me than I had any right to expect."

Charles Cherry bit his lip, and his cheek flushed. "I wish I was rich, James," he said rapidly. "I wish I had a hundred pounds to give you; but, depend upon it, I shall never forget you. Whatever you want, let me know, that's all. I'll get you a situation."

"That, indeed, sir," answered James, "would be the making of me. I have no taste for farming; and if I could get any situation, I would indeed—"

The earnestness and emotion of the youth overcame him: he could not finish the sentence. Charles Cherry again seized his hand, and assured him he never could do enough to repay him. He ran over the names of great men who were under obligations to his father, and who would consequently be ready to oblige him. James was in ecstasy as Charles numbered the fine lords and ladies who would be delighted to serve him; meanwhile, young Raymond stood by with a serious aspect. "I think," he said at last, "that our new friend had better, for the present, persevere in his farming; situations are difficult to obtain; and he owes a great deal to his father, which his attention alone can repay; and—"

Whatever he would have added was prevented by his companion, who stopped him with an exclamation of impatience—a reminder of the great power his own father possessed, and all the situations that had been offered him for his friends at different times by half the peerage.

"But your brother has not yet got his commission," suggested the thoughtful Richard.

"That is altogether another thing," replied Charles; "but there is no use in talking to you; you are so matter of fact. Rely on my 'words,' James, your situation is as certain as if you held the appointment this moment in your hand."

The youth thanked him with smiles and almost tears. The gentlemen, one of whom had narrowly escaped being drowned through the bravery and strength of the young farmer, resumed their clothes, which had been carefully dried, and bidding good night to the cottagers who had sheltered them after their wetting, were accompanied to the carriage—which Raymond's father had sent—by James Hodges, who saw them drive off with all the feelings of a new state of existence. A sudden hope had burst upon him. He had never been, as he truly said, fond of farming, but had reconciled himself to it so as to be of great service to his family; and as his father was growing old, and he the eldest of the children, James was already of no small importance in his little circle. Richard Raymond was the son of a landed gentleman in the neighbourhood, and his friend

Charles Cherry was now spending with him the Oxford vacation. They had been out shooting; and as Charles was in the act of crossing a deep and rapid stream, he had fallen in, and was instantly borne down by the current. His friend was already in the water, determined, if possible, to save him, when James Hodges, who was watering some horses at the bend of the river, dashed forward, and in a moment rescued Charles from his perilous situation. Thus one of the gentlemen became a deep debtor to the young farmer.

Although very dissimilar in character, Raymond and Cherry were much attached to each other. Richard was thoughtful, steady, and persevering, never asserting anything until assured of its truth, and more prone to give than to promise, feeling that a promise is a debt which holds the promiser in thrall until it be discharged. Charles was gay and cheerful, and would have been generous, but unfortunately he never managed to husband his resources so as to have anything he could legally call his own to be generous with. He was quick and brilliant in conversation; and though not more than nineteen, had acquired the undefined reputation of a "capital fellow." His words were more abundant than his deeds—not that he was ever guilty of a wilful falsehood, but he was careless enough to deceive himself both as to his powers and his resources. His friend once told him that he might go through the world with his eyes shut if he pleased, but that he had no right to lead others astray. Charles was displeased with him for this plain speaking as long as he could be displeased with any one; for, truth to tell, he quickly forgot and forgave, however angry he might have been at the moment.

"What a capital manager you are, Richard," he exclaimed to his friend, as the carriage rolled towards Raymond Lodge; "you always contrive to have money."

"My allowance is less than yours though, Charles."

"But yours is punctually paid," was the reply.

"My father is seldom punctual, though he promises he will be; and then I promise others—and so on. I was quite ashamed of not having a guinea to give that fine fellow at once, for you had no right to give him anything; but I will certainly get him an appointment."

"I wish," observed his friend, "I wish with all my heart you had not told him so: it will unsettle him quite, and the chances are ten to one against your being able to keep your word. You might have endeavoured to obtain a situation for him, and if you succeeded, well and good."

"How you throw cold water over everything, Richard," interrupted his mercurial companion. "What other way had I of repaying my obligation to the poor fellow who saved my life?"

"Now, Charles," said his friend, "do not get into a pet. I do not want to steep your deeds in cold water, only your words; but it is a duty not to mislead—not to promise unless you are certain you can perform."

"But I am certain," said Charles vehemently; "I tell you I am certain. Do you think my father would refuse anything to him who saved my life?"

"Anything he could obtain," observed Richard in his usual quiet voice.

"Psha! do you mean to say that my father, with all his high connexions and great friends, could not obtain a situation of one or two hundred a-year in the excise or post-office, or some of those places, if he were to ask it? Why he could with as much ease and certainty as I draw on this glove." He proceeded to illustrate his theory by drawing on the glove; pro-

bably the leather had become damp; but from whatever cause it was, it tore right across.

"I fear a too apt illustration," said young Raymond, laughing rather maliciously; upon which Charles Cherry flung himself into the corner of the carriage, so as to shake the springs. "Really, Raymond, you are too bad," he exclaimed. "You would check all generous feeling."

"You do not mean that—you only mean that I prefer 'deeds to words.'"

"I hate musty aphorisms," grumbled Charles.

"I like them, they are short cuts to highways," said Richard—and then commenced a long silence.

At last Charles said, "Do you mean that I shall be ungrateful enough to forget this poor fellow, and to break my word?"

"I mean, Charles, that you will not only remember his bravery, but do your best to reward it; but I doubt your power, and I regret that you have disturbed his mind by the introduction of a hope which may render him unfit for his daily labour."

"We shall see," answered Charles Cherry; "we shall see."

It was a bright moonlight night when the young men sprang into the hall of Raymond Lodge, where they received the congratulations of their friends and relatives, and Charles won all hearts by his glowing account of the presence of mind and bravery of the young farmer, who had risked his life for his preservation. The moon, as I have said, was in the glory of its harvest fullness—a bright beautiful moon—and many of the gay party were grouped in the windows looking out upon its beams, and admiring the effect of the mild chastened light upon the landscape. Some five miles away from that brilliant room, James Hodges, leaning upon the gate which led to his father's farm-yard, was meditating neither on the moon, nor the landscape, nor the stacking nor ploughing, but on the promise made him that afternoon by the young Oxonian who knew so many fine people—and also of a certain Jessie Gray; for during the last five months whatever James thought of, Jessie was sure to form the fore-ground, the most important portion of the picture his imagination produced. Nor was this surprising, if the beauty and gentleness of Jessie Gray are taken into consideration. James thought it was a very singular thing that the only man in the parish who seemed insensible to Jessie's charms should be his own father. Everybody had a good word for Jessie except Mr Hodges; he became afflicted with an incurable deafness whenever she was praised. He told James once that Jessie was too poor and too proud for a farmer's wife, and James ventured to tell him that he knew nothing whatever of Jessie Gray. Now James meditated on his change of fortune, for he never doubted, from the manner as well as the matter of Charles Cherry's words, that the appointment was as certain as the fact that a lovely harvest moon was shedding its beams on Jessie's lattice: he thought he could not do better than impart the good news to his gentle sweetheart, and instantly set forward through meadow and tangled copse to the humble but neat cottage where she lived with a widowed mother. When he entered, poor Jessie was in tears, and the widow received him coldly: she told him she had met his father by chance that morning, and he had spoken his disapprobation of his son's acquaintance with her daughter so frankly, that she had resolved his next visit should be his last.

"And do you, Jessie," inquired the young man, "consent to this?" Jessie only wept the more, while her mother continued talking of her daughter's being too good to be "smuggled" into Farmer Hodges'



family; and boasted that her own father's relations had a carriage to step into when those of other people walked a-foot.

"There is no need of such talk, mother dear," said Jessie at last, going to the table upon which James had rested his hands, and then hid his face within their palms; "there is no need of any such talk. James is far above me in this world, and I ought to have known it before; but I suppose being made more of than I deserve to be, put me past thinking it, though I see it now. I will never be the one to encourage him to do anything opposed to his father's wishes, for I have no means of securing him from the poverty into which his father's displeasure would plunge him; and so, James, may God bless you, and may you be happy—as you will be hereafter—with some one more suited to your station, and as much to your heart as I was; for I believe you loved me—you said so, and you proved so, and to my latest day I will never forget it." And the poor girl meant all she said, and felt at that moment as if the world and all therein was dead to her for ever.

"Look, Jessie!" exclaimed James, striking the table with his clenched hand—a species of rustic illustrative eloquence to which he was addicted when strongly moved—"father may do and say what he pleases, but I'm not going to remain with him—I'm not going to continue elod-hopping all my days. I shall have a situation, Jessie; and when I'm independent of him, you will not say me 'no.' When you are my wife, he cannot but love you. He was right in a thing he said once—you are not fit for a farmer's wife, but you shall be the wife of a gentleman!" and James was so excited between joy at the promise, and anger at his father, and the vision of Jessie in a silk gown, that he clasped her in his arms and kissed away the tears which lingered on her cheek. Mrs Gray, however, said this was very wrong, for that "his father was still his father;" and Jessie observed that was very true, and the idea of his ever being a gentleman was quite as absurd as of her being a lady; that such could never be, as ladies and gentlemen must be born so. And James replied that such might have been the case long ago, but was not so now, as the world was improved. A great deal was said by Mrs Gray and James; the former at one moment agreeing with the latter, then returning to her text, and declaring her daughter never should be considered an intruder; while James, in the wildness of delight at his prospects, and displeasure with his father, almost terrified them by his vehemence. Jessie continued placid and thoughtful, and at last James accused her of coldness and indifference; and then she cried again, and he begged her pardon; and when he took his departure, he left her with a disturbed and bewildered mind; while on his part he resolved to tell his father he was determined to give up farming and devote his time, previous to his obtaining his situation, to the improvement of his mind, so that he might be the more fitted to enter the office he was to hold.

He put this resolve into practice the next morning in the presence of both parents. The farmer, who was going to the uplands, resumed his seat, and his mother, taking off the spectacles she had just put on, held them between fingers that were trembling with emotion: "Is it an excise-man or a postman you are to be, James, or a porter in livery at an office door to tend twenty masters?" inquired his father, sarcastically; "and is it for such a prospect you would give up the thought of being—when I am laid under the shadow of the old yew tree, whose branches cover near two acres of our name—is it for such a prospect you give up—more than the chance—the certainty of being what I am?"

"You'd never let me be what you are, father," answered James, rather sulkily, "for you'd never let me be married."

"Oh!" exclaimed the farmer, "sit the wind in that quarter! I told you once before I thought Jessie Gray too poor and too proud for a farmer's wife. I say so still. We are eleven in family: if a young wife is immediately added to us before your brothers and sisters are grown, there will be more than the land can support."

"Jessie has never been too proud to work, father," said James.

"Her mother provoked me to declare more than I intended this morning, with some of her family absurdities," continued the farmer; "but I'll not say that in a few years—when you are older and wiser—if you continue to love her, and she proves herself industrious, what I might do; though, certainly, a wish to leave me just as you are come to the strength of manhood, and I am falling into years, is not the way to make either your mother or myself anxious to gratify you."

"I never liked farming, father—never was suited for it. My brother will soon be able to take my place, and you are as hale and hearty as ever."

"We ought to like our duties, James," answered the old man; "and we can suit ourselves to the station we have been brought up in if we like. Your brother is ten years younger than you; and well you know that I am not as hale and hearty as I was. But that is not all. I do not ask you to look at your mother, whose tears are rolling down her face at the idea of your leaving us; but I ask you to remember how unlikely it is that the young gentleman should be able to perform his promise. And even if he were, there is a great deal of difference between the plenty

and health of an English farm-house, and the economy and sickness of a town lodging, with fifty or sixty pounds a-year to starve upon."

"Fifty or sixty pounds a-year!" repeated James, in a scornful tone. "My dear father, the gentleman said he would get me anything I pleased to ask, no matter what it was."

"Well, boy, think well over it before you do anything; you never had any talent for study, and now Edward writes a better hand than you. Think of the future; the farm needs even more hands than our own, and if you leave, I must intrust to a stranger what I thought my son would care for; so think over it well, James."

The farmer left the house, and the dame shed many tears alone. James now loitered over his work, and Jessie became idle, not from intention but abstraction—divided between the wise resolve to break off an engagement which her lover's father would not sanction, and the new-sprung hope that James would soon be in a position to reconcile his father to anything he pleased.

Thus the large farm and the small cottage were disturbed. In the meantime Charles Cherry was not unmindful of his promise. He wrote by the next day's post to his father—a gentleman of high rank but slender means—stating James Hodges's heroism, and his desire to procure him a situation. He thought it was better not to say he had promised one, as his father might be displeased. He rode to the farm and told James what he had done in his usual glowing language, which confirmed the young man in his distaste for his occupation, and in his resolve to "be a gentleman." He certainly applied himself to his pen, and paid more attention to his education than he had ever done before; but the pliant days of youth were past, and he had never been quick or apprehensive. Instead of continuing the zealous help to his father which the old man hoped, he became listless and inattentive, setting a bad example to the younger portion of his family, and to the labourers, and affecting the bearing and airs of a gentleman.

Perfectly unconscious of the mischief which had arisen from his incautious promise, Charles Cherry continued at Oxford gay, buoyant, and happy; for a time the soul of a society which, notwithstanding his wit and popularity, had begun to look upon his words with doubt. He was one of the richest fellows in promises in his particular college; there were few things he would not promise to do for every one. His ready tact assisted him out of many a thoughtless engagement, but one or two of his excuses were so shallow that they got talked of and then laughed at by his companions; and when once a "clever fellow" and a "witty fellow" gets laughed at, he sure his popularity is on the wane; the jester is the last person to endure a jest.

Among others, he one morning received a letter from James Hodges, written in his best style and best hand, reminding him of his promise, telling him how glad he would be of the situation, as his father and he had totally disagreed, and urging most strongly upon him the performance of what, though not unwilling to perform, he had quite forgotten. If he could have seen, even in this single instance, the results of his well-intended but most ill-advised words, they might have prevented the continuance of a habit so largely at war with the truth and peace of society. Jessie's mother had died suddenly, and James, finding that a relative in a distant part of the country wished her to reside with them, had prevailed upon her, broken-hearted and alone in the world as she was, at once to unite her fate with his. The old farmer, already provoked by his conduct and inattention, became so angry at what he considered the duplicity of a private marriage—unauthorised as it was, for both were under age—that he drove his son from beneath his roof; and in this extremity James applied to Charles Cherry, whose promise, on which he still implicitly relied, had been the origin of his unsettled state of mind, making him discontented with an occupation which, though his natural indolence made him sometimes think it irksome, he would have been more than content to follow.

Charles, despite his unfortunate habit, was kind and generous when under the impulse of feeling, and his face flushed with self-reproach while he remembered he had never given aught but words in return for the service he had received. He drew out his purse; it contained five pounds. If every one had been ten, he could not have kept all the promises of payment he had made through the week, and it was only Wednesday! Besides, he thought that obtaining for James a situation would do him far more good than sending him a "paltry five pounds." Under ordinary circumstances, the letter, like many others, would have been thrown on one side, but his conscience pricked him even to pain; and he replied that in three months parliament would meet, his father and himself would be in London, and that, when on the spot, he would put matters in such a train that he (James Hodges) would be certain to obtain what had been promised. He did more. With the same pen he also wrote to his father, soliciting certain allowances which he had been expecting, concluding with a P.S. that he earnestly hoped his father would remember that he had said he would look out a situation for the fine fellow who had saved his life, and to whom he had been able, as yet, to offer nothing but thanks.

To this portion of his letter he received, in due time, a reply—also in a P.S.—that he was worn out by the

words of the people at the war-office, for that his brother had not yet got his commission, and that he ought to have managed to do something at once for the farmer himself, and not "palmed" him upon him. This not very agreeable portion of the letter was perhaps the most agreeable. Both father and son had the same "promising" quality, and yet were severe in their censures upon each other, for each suffered from the other's fault.

Charles Cherry and Richard Raymond were not as constantly together as in the days of their earlier acquaintance. Richard's steady forethought, his deeds without words, were perpetual reproofs to the careless and brilliant Charles. And he grieved so much at the undermining of Charles's reputation, even amongst those who laughed most loudly at his wit, that somehow both young men rather avoided than sought each other's company. Young Raymond, however, had not lost sight of James; he heard of his discontent, and subsequently having so seriously displeased his father; but a conversation he held with him led to the conviction that until he had practical proof of the fallacy of mere words, his mind had become too unsettled to return to his former labour, or indeed do anything but dream of the future.

Three or four months had passed since James Hodges had heard from Mr Charles Cherry. The London season had filled the streets with its usual throng of idleness and occupation, and the Park—for fashionables only recognise the existence of one, except on levee and drawing-room days—was full and gay.

"How do you expect a gentleman to be at home at this hour of the afternoon?" inquired a servant of a young man who had anxiously asked for his young master; "surely every gentleman at this time of day is either in the Park or at his club."

"When I called in the morning, you said he was not up," said the stranger.

"Why, of course, how could you fancy Mr Charles could be up at ten o'clock?"

"What time this evening will he be at home?"

"No time at all," he replied rudely.

"Did you tell him my name—James Hodges?"

"In course I did, if you left it;" adding, in a muttering voice, "all you seem to have to leave." And then he banged the door.

James became deadly pale, and leaned against a pillar of the stately porch: "My God!" he said unconsciously, "is it possible that all his words go for nothing?"

"What else would they go for?" exclaimed a thin sharp-eyed sharp-featured man in a thread-bare suit of rusty black, who had, unperceived by James, been standing behind him during his brief conversation with the footman. "What else do you expect his or any of their words to go for but nothing! Sell them for nothing, and you are a loser—you lose your time. I have been starving upon the elder man's words of promise these ten years, and I know they will never be fulfilled; and yet I come here every season to hear them repeated—just as a child runs after a bubble: it knows it can't catch it, and yet it runs. It has grown a custom with me to knock at this door, though I am not let in; but I catch him sometimes, and while he speaks I think he means to do, his tone is so gentle, and his words are so honied; they used to reach my heart once, though now they go no further than my ear. Still my ear desires to hear them, and so I come; the very knocker knows me, and lays close; but it is an evil habit, and you are young enough to get rid of it. I thought I rendered service to more than he, and have been repaid by words—led into a fool's paradise by words, and led out of it by starvation; that's what poor place-hunters come to—that's what poor place-hunters come to," he repeated, and ran down the steps, James thought, like one half-crazed.

Sadly and moodily James Hodges sought to retrace his way. That morning he had—though breakfastless and penniless—bounded up those steps as certain of a kind reception and immediate aid as man could be; now he literally crept down them trembling with despair. He had expended the last pound which the affection of his mother bestowed, in bringing himself and his young wife to London, knowing that, according to Charles Cherry's letter, "parliament had met," and all the great people were in town together. The real truth never flashed upon him, that neither Charles nor his father had sufficient power to obtain the smallest situation for him, who had cast away his birth-right, and drawn into his destiny a young and helpless girl, from faith in a careless promise.

"If," thought James, "what I have heard is true, I am utterly ruined. And Jessie, whose determination I overcame, who might have been in comfort with a relation, she too—she will be starving in another day." The thought was too horrible to endure; but youth is sanguine, and it was followed by one of comfort. "I asked nothing from him; I made no request. Surely he would not wantonly destroy him who had just saved his life." This assurance he repeated over and over again to himself, and it enabled him to meet the warm inquiring smile that greeted his return with something like self-possession.

A few days after James's fruitless visit to the great man's door, Charles Cherry called upon Richard Raymond, who had just commenced keeping his terms in the Temple. After a few introductory sentences, "You remember when I was down with you at Raymond Lodge?"



"I cannot surely forget it," said Richard, bowing slightly over the great law book he had been reading.

"You remember the little accident I had?"

"Yes; but you did not think it little then. However, it is some eighteen or twenty months ago," replied Richard drily.

"And you remember James Hodges, your father's tenant's son?"

"Oh surely; he who behaved with so much bravery."

"Capitally—very kindly indeed," said Charles, rather hesitatingly; "but I think you could hardly call it 'bravery'; for, if you remember, he had a horse—he was on horseback—and it was the horse which swam to us."

"Oh yes, I remember all about it; but I only repeated your own words—eighteen months ago."

"Your tone is not kindly, Raymond," said Charles; "and I remember you thought my promises were made too thoughtlessly. I fear you were right. I did indeed mean to provide for him, but my father has not done as I wished; and I can't at present do anything for him; and the worst of it is, he has come to London."

"I knew he had quarrelled with his father, and married," said Richard.

"Yes, foolish fellow; and all (he says) relying on my word; was there anything ever so absurd?"

"As relying on your word?" said Richard. Charles Cherry's face flushed.

"Richard Raymond," he replied, "if you want to quarrel, do, and I will quarrel with you; but do not taunt me with what I cannot help now. I am sorry I misled this young man; and more than sorry that I have not the means of doing for him what I ought. I am guinealeas as ever."

In the early days of the young men's friendship, the frank smile and this frank avowal would have made Richard open his purse at once to his friend, but he had learnt to consider impulses as valueless which produced no effect. He, therefore, simply remarked, that he did not wish to quarrel with him—though perhaps the knowledge of how much James's family had suffered from his late waywardness and its cause had rendered him more severe than he intended; that he foresaw at the time the danger, and warned him of it; but there he paused, for he did not like to enter farther upon what could not then be remedied. Charles Cherry began to justify himself, declaring the kindness of his intentions, and the absurdity of the young farmer's coming to town expecting that a situation would be ready for him at once. Richard continued nearly silent, until Charles asked him if there was no cottage or small quantity of land his father could let James have; or could he use his influence to reconcile him to his father—

"I," he replied, "can enter into no engagements for others." The tone of his voice, and the severe expression of countenance which accompanied these few words, obliged Charles Cherry to take his hat, leaving the chambers of a man he was compelled to respect, with the degrading knowledge that the feeling could not be mutual.

"Leave me," said Richard, "James's address." Charles tore it off a letter and gave it him. "You will then do something for the poor fellow?" he inquired.

"I really," he replied, "wonder how you can ask me such a question."

"We are not likely to meet again," said Charles, with unfeigned emotion.

"I do not think we are," answered Richard; "our thoughts, and feelings, and habits—to use a term of my new profession, our *practices*—would not agree. You remember, Charles, 'deeds not words'—the only habit for our own peace and the peace of others—you will think so yet, believe me." They parted.

"What a splendid horse and cab he drives," said Richard to himself, "and yet he can spare nothing from these luxuries to do an act of justice—to afford to keep his word."

The embryo lawyer pondered for a few minutes, and looked at the address which he held in his hand. It was that of a miserable back lane in Chelsea. He turned the paper over. "I have sold all my clothes, and have had no food for—" the rest was torn away. He looked at the date which was with the address. It was the 15th, and that was the 17th. He dressed himself quickly, and having directed the servant to hire a hack cab, told the man to drive to Chelsea. It was a fine clear day. Passing the Athenæum, he saw Charles laughing on the steps with a few of those whom the world honours; some justly, others unjustly, as the case may be. He recalled, with the rapidity of thought, the days of his boyhood, when he used first to go hunting, then fishing, then shooting; and there were few excursions which were not in some way connected with James Hodges—good-natured James, always ready to oblige, and believing that others were as kindly as himself. He thought of him on the breezy uplands, by the side of the streams, under shelter of the wide-spreading trees, cheerful beside the rude plenty of his father's board, and warmed by his mother's love. Now—he called to the man to drive faster. At last alighting, he found his way through a dirty little court, swarming with children. He asked for the object of his generous and unostentatious solicitude.

"If you're the gentleman he expected," said a ragged woman, "I wish you had come sooner. He

could bear his troubles no longer, though," added the wretched creature, "I don't see what he or she was either that they should give themselves airs, and not bear what we all bear day after day. He was mighty upstart in his way."

"He tried to drown himself last night, sir," interposed a man, who seemed to possess more feeling; "and would have succeeded but for his poor young wife, who, thinking his mind was straying, watched him close. The police have charge of him now."

Poor James! His true friend having got upon his track, he was saved—saved to return to the country a wiser and a humbler man. Richard's father did find him a cottage and some land without promising to do either; and want and its agonies were driven from him and his—and yet the poor fellow's cup of suffering was not full; a neat headstone was, within a year, raised beneath the old yew-tree, recording that Jessie, the wife of James Hodges, died in the thirtieth month of her marriage, lamented by the husband who owed her his life.

Charles Cherry's career was that of a man who, losing his self-respect, is sure to lose the respect of others. From thirty to five-and-thirty he was a diner out; then he was seldom found at the tables of married men; then, until about forty-five, he was a wit at the clubs, degenerating by degrees into a lying humourist. Of late he is seldom seen, and no one seems exactly to know how he lives, for he has neither character nor credit.

Richard Raymond has been for some time sergeant-at-law, and held in universal respect; his practice ever agreeing with his precept—a man of Deeds, not Words.

## MONUMENTAL SCULPTURES AND INSCRIPTIONS OF EGYPT.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

ON the walls of the tombs, the most valuable pictorial illustrations of the public and private life of the Egyptians have been discovered. "A subterranean Egypt," says Rosellini, "appears suddenly to have come to light; the people have been revived in all their castes; in their civil and military and religious occupations; in their feasts and their funerals; in their fields and their vineyards; in their amusements and their labours; in their shops, in their farm-yards, and in their kitchens; by land and by water; in their boats and their palanquins; in the splendid public procession and the privacy of the household chamber. To each city, or at least to each nome (municipality) of the living, belonged a city of the dead. In the silent and rock-hewn counterpart of Memphis and Thebes were treasured up all the scenes in which the living king and his subjects had been engaged: the royal tombs were a kind of mimic palaces, with halls, and corridors, and galleries, in regular succession—on till they reached the chamber of state in which the sarcophagus reposed. The meaner subjects were crowded, as in the living city, in one vast repository."

Rosellini has selected from his collection of drawings, made in the different sepulchres, the various paintings which refer to Egyptian public and private life, and arranged them together according to their subjects. He commences with the chase, which appears to have been a favourite pastime among the Egyptians. In many instances great care seems to be taken to capture the wild animals alive. The traps and pitfalls are evidently constructed in such a way as to prevent the prey from receiving injury; blunted arrows are employed to stun rather than kill the beasts of the chase; and we see the dogs instructed to hold their prey without destroying it. Among the larger animals of which the Egyptian hunters made their game, we find the rhinoceros, the elephant, the giraffe, lions, buffaloes, antelopes, wolves, and jackals; among the less powerful animals, hares, gazelles, and foxes. The huntsmen appear armed with spears, and bows and arrows, and from the size and strength of their weapons, it is evident, that, like our old English archers,

"Each man a six-foot bow could bend,  
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send."

They are accompanied by dogs of various kinds: the greyhound in his leash, and others apparently of the bloodhound species, which are depicted as fearlessly assailing the larger animals. In one sculpture, a dog is "at point" before some bushes. Various other beasts, and even lions, were trained by them for the chase, like the hunting-leopards of India. The wild ox was frequently caught by the running noose or *lasso* of South America. Fowling was a favourite Egyptian sport, chiefly conducted by nets, the mechanism of which appears to be equally simple and ingenious. Sometimes we find the fowlers employing a curved stick, like the boomerang of the native Australians. The birds caught are principally waterfowl, which are entrapped by decoys similar to those in use in the fens of Lincolnshire; and the fowlers are sometimes at-

tended by a cat, which, hunting through the reeds, succeeded in pouncing upon birds. The plumage of the birds is most magnificent; but as the artists employed only unmingled colours, those gradations of hue which melt into each other, and produce a glowing harmony, were of course beyond their powers. The scenes in the fisheries are very curious. The supply of fish was abundant, and the fishermen were a numerous class in Egyptian society. Rosellini is of opinion, from the inscriptions which accompany some of the paintings, that "those who cast the net upon the waters" formed a regular fraternity; a kind of subordinate caste under their appointed president. They are represented on the monuments as forming one of the lowest castes, and we know history confirms the fact. The Egyptians were the first to employ salt for the preservation of animal food; and in these sculptures, the whole process of salting fish is delineated with the utmost distinctness. We have representations also of the catching of the crocodile and the hippopotamus. The latter was chased for the sake of its hide, of which shields, whips, and helmets, were made. The care and breeding of the domestic animals next occupies attention. We learn that the fattening of cattle was extensively practised in the marshes, and that in other places stall-feeding was common. The whole circumstances connected with this branch of industry are delineated with a minuteness and absence of disguise that is sometimes not a little ridiculous. In one picture we find the king's ox marked LXXXVI, which shows that his Egyptian majesty must have carried on his farming and grazing operations upon a somewhat extensive scale. In another painting there is represented a kind of cattle show, in which some Egyptian Rennie or Spencer is surveying and noting down the number of his oxen, goats, and sheep. Elsewhere we see all the branches of the veterinary art in operation: the surgeon is seen in the act of administering the dose, or performing an operation on the bull, the gazelle, the goat, or the goose.

Agriculture was an art of peculiar importance in Egypt, and we find it occupying a corresponding place on the Egyptian monuments. The form of the plough is very simple. It is often a mere triangle, like the letter A, and was used for harrowing rather than turning the soil. It would appear, from the engravings, that it was sometimes also employed as a pickaxe. This simple implement of husbandry was long a source of great perplexity to antiquaries. Some imagined that it was intended to represent the mystic legs of the Ibis; whilst others, equally profound, supposed that they had discovered in it a type of the three dominant castes—the royal, the priestly, and the warrior. The publication of Rosellini's plates has solved the mystery, and shown that it was merely an implement of the farm. It is stated, both by Herodotus and Diodorus, that in Egypt the grain was trodden into the soil by the feet of beasts, and on the monuments we have a representation of two men standing with upraised scourges to drive a herd of swine over a field which had been sown. There are no traces on the monuments of any intermediate operations between seed-time and harvest, from which we may conclude that very little labour was required in Egypt between sowing and reaping. The reapers merely cut off the ears of the grain, leaving the stalks standing in the field. The ears were carried in rope-baskets to the thrashing-floor, where the grain was trodden out by the ox. The winnowed corn was stored away in vast magazines, while the royal officer is pictured, with pen and tablet, taking account of the sacks as they were carried up into the granaries.

Among the ancient Egyptians, the garden seems to have been an object of greater care than the house. Their pleasure-grounds were laid out in the formal regularity of the old French style of Le Notre. The flower-beds were square and formal; the raised terraces ran in straight lines, and the avenues of trees were trimmed into a rounded form. Closely connected with the garden was the vineyard, the representation of which is very curious, as finally deciding the question as to the cultivation of the vine in Egypt. In the last century, the authenticity of the books of Moses was often impugned, because they mention the existence of vineyards, grapes, and consequently of wine in Egypt; Herodotus having expressly declared that in Egypt there were no vineyards; and Plutarch assures us that the natives of that country abhorred wine as being the blood of those who had rebelled against the gods. So conclusive did these statements appear, that even the learned Michaelis believed that wine was ordered in the Jewish sacrifices expressly to break through any Egyptian prejudice regarding it, and to make a broad distinction between the religious usages of the Israelites and of the Egyptians. But the monuments have triumphantly vindicated the veracity of the Jewish historian. In the subterranean vaults of Elithyia, the whole process of the cultivation of the vine is represented; the gathering of grapes, the treading of the wine-press, the pouring of the wine into vats, and storing it away in large jars. M. Jomard mentions that the remains of wine vessels have been found in the ruins of old Egyptian cities, which are still incruusted with the tartar deposited by wine. In the paintings of offerings, there is represented, among other gifts, flasks



coloured red up to the neck, which remains white, as if transparent, and beside them is read in hieroglyphics the word *orp*, which, in Coptic, signifies wine. One sort is labelled "White wine;" another, "Wine of the Papyrus," that is, the symbol of Lower Egypt; a third, "Wine of the Lotus," that is, the symbol of Upper Egypt; besides various other kinds. With respect to the statement of Herodotus, it was most probably correct at the time he wrote. Wine must always have been a rarity among the Egyptians; and the disappearance of such a highly artificial cultivation as that of the vine must have been in Egypt, is easily accounted for by the severe and protracted calamities which befell that country. The Egyptian gardens contained also date-palms, pomegranates, and sycamores. The peasants employed in gathering the fruits are assisted by monkeys, who, it is evident, did not lose so good an opportunity of helping themselves.

In the succeeding engravings, the whole process of weaving is represented, from the beating of the flax, the winding of thread and passing it through the wool, to the perfect piece. We find weaving performed both by men and women. The former appear to have been for the most part employed in the public manufactories; in the latter case, the manufacture was principally domestic. Isaiah speaks of the workers in fine flax, and of those "that weave net-works." Some persons have supposed that by "white-works," as the original is more properly rendered in the margin of our Bibles, the prophet intended to describe the cotton manufactures, but a microscopic examination of the threads in the various specimens of Egyptian linen brought to this country, has proved that none of them contain a single particle of cotton. Cloth of golden tissue is not uncommonly figured on the monuments, as are also brodered work, netted purses, curtains, and upper dresses, of exquisitely beautiful workmanship. The Egyptian muslins were so delicate as to receive the name of "woven air." The art of dying had evidently made great progress, but the colours appear without intermixture, for, as we have already mentioned, the Egyptians were ignorant of the art of producing a variety of shades by mixing and blending the colours.

We next see carpentry, cabinet-making, and upholstery, represented in all their branches with the greatest minuteness, from the cutting down of the tree to its formation into the elegant couch or sofa. The various instruments are represented in actual operation—the axe, the hammer, the adze, the chisel, the saw, and the centre-bit: the glue-pot is actually on the fire, ready to be applied to veneers. The wheelwright is busily employed in making his circles and spokes. The building of chariots formed an important branch of Egyptian industry, and the artists displayed considerable skill, both in their shape and ornaments. It is a singular fact, of which the monuments furnish abundant evidence, that the curved shafts, which were introduced into this country as a novelty within the present century, were known to the Egyptians from the earliest ages.\*

We are next favoured with a view of the workshops of the sculptors, whose art was almost wholly a mechanical process, governed by very strict rules, which they were not permitted to violate. One artist is hewing out a lioness, another a sphinx, others colossal statues of so stupendous a size that we can scarcely understand how such huge masses could have been moved. One remarkable picture represents a gigantic stone statue, mounted on a sledge, and drawn along by four trains of men. On the knee of the figure is a superintendent, beating time with his hands, in order that all the workmen should pull together, while another person is pouring water on the groove in which this immense weight is pulled forward, to prevent fire from the friction. We see the sculptors in the act of cutting the inscriptions on the granite obelisks and tablets. Some of their cameos and intaglios present details of such minute delicacy that they could only have been wrought by means of a microscope. At all events, we could not produce them without its aid. The arts of brick-making and pottery, in which the Egyptians acquired great perfection, are next represented; then, the goldsmiths and silversmiths appear weighing, melting, refining gold, and evidently exercising the art of gilding on some small statues. The blowpipe is employed in several operations. The making of purses with beads appears to have been an amusement of the Egyptian, as it is now of some English ladies. The artists of Thebes were particularly celebrated for the manufacture of false jewels or mock stones. Several necklaces of gold and cornelian have been found in the tombs, whose exquisite workmanship could scarcely be surpassed by modern artists. The vases represented on the monuments are elaborately carved and finished with exquisite taste. Many of them are moulded in the most graceful and elegant of those forms commonly denominated Etruscan and Grecian, and are fully as worthy of imitation by modern artists. Nothing, indeed, can surpass the splendour of colouring, or the richness, grace, and variety of patterns which these vases exhibit. As there are no representations of coins, or of such an employment as coining, on the

\* Solomon paid six hundred shekels of silver, or about £75 of our money, for an Egyptian chariot, while the price of a horse was only the fourth part of that sum. We may therefore conclude that the chariots were of very superior workmanship.

monuments, it is probable that the Egyptians were unacquainted with the use of coined money. Bullion made up in the shape of thick rings was the instrument of exchange, and the amount of payment was ascertained by weight. It would appear that we have yet to recover some of the "lost arts" in metallurgy known to the subjects of the ancient Pharaohs, for there is good reason to believe that the Egyptian chemists possessed the art of making gold liquid, and of retaining it in that state, which we have not the power to do. The Egyptians carried the working of metal to a very extraordinary degree of perfection, especially after they had invented the bellows and the siphon. "The former," says Mr Wilkinson, "was used at least as early as the reign of Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses, being represented in a tomb bearing the name of that Pharaoh. They consisted of a leather bag, secured and fitted into a frame, from which a long pipe extended for carrying the wind to the fire. They were worked by the feet, the operator standing upon them with one under each foot, and pressing them alternately, while he pulled up each exhausted skin with a string he held in his hand. In one instance we observe from the painting, that when the man left the bellows, they were raised as if full of air, and this would imply a knowledge of the valve." Siphons, on the same authority, are said to have been used so early as the reign of Amunoph II.; that is, about 1450 B.C. The early Egyptians appear to have been ignorant of iron, and it was very little employed even in the flourishing days of the Pharaohs. Their furnaces for brass-founding seem to have been very extensive, and casting must have been carried by them to a high degree of perfection. Swords, quivers, knives, axes, adzes, and even bows, appear to have been formed of brass, which, as there were no mines in Egypt, is supposed to have been obtained from the interior of Africa. Metal mirrors were in common use among the ancient Egyptians, and occasionally appear on the monuments. Copper and brass were their chief metals, and the principal alloys were lead and tin.

Tanning occupies a very conspicuous place in the Egyptian manufactures. Leather was employed for the ropes and cordage of ships, and also for the harness and traces of the Egyptian chariots. The manufacture of leathern shoes and sandals seems to have been a favourite branch of industry. We see the shoemakers hard at work, and, strange to say, they are making shoes according to the fashion of our time—*rights and lefts*—and we meet some approaches to the high-pointed toes, for which the English gallants were remarkable in the middle ages. Some of these workmen have negro features.

The Egyptians were able navigators of rivers, though they dreaded to encounter the perils of the open sea. The forms of their boats—the men standing in rows, sometimes one above the other—are very curious. Coracles were used by the hunters and fowlers; and in Upper Egypt it would appear that they were sometimes formed of wicker-work, covered with hides, such as were used by the ancient Britons. Some of the sailing-boats, with their chequered sails, bear a resemblance to the boats and mat-sails of the South Sea Islanders. Several of the more splendid barks realise the description which Shakspeare gives of Cleopatra's.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;" &c.

The war-vessels of the Egyptians seem to have been a kind of half-decked galleys, such as were used by the Greeks in the Trojan war, and of considerable magnitude.

Finally, the monuments furnish the most ample delineations of the private life and domestic accommodations of this remarkable people. The mansions of the wealthy are usually surrounded by a park and garden, with a large reservoir for the purpose of irrigation; lotus flowers floated on the surface, rows of trees shaded its banks, and the proprietor and his friends frequently amused themselves there by angling, or by an excursion in a light boat, towed by his servants. The private chambers were beautifully adorned, and the kitchens contained every convenience for cooking. In the dining-hall we find the sideboard, with all its details, bearing a striking resemblance to those of our modern mansions, and the gold and silver tureens, urns, vases, and banqueting-cups, are of the most exquisitely beautiful workmanship, and tasteful as well as magnificent forms. The ladies and gentlemen of the party mingle together with all the social freedom of modern Europeans, and the Egyptian mothers, like some fond foolish mammas of our own day, manifestly taxed the patience and politeness of their guests by introducing into company the spoiled denizens of the nursery. We notice also the well-known and singular custom of placing in the banquet-room a skeleton figure as a solemn warning of the brevity of life, and the vanity of all sublunary enjoyments. Professional buffoons, jesters, morris-dancers, and jugglers, were sometimes hired to add to the festivity of the party. At all their entertainments, music and dancing were indispensable, and we see performers on the harp, the lyre, the viol, on wind instruments of great diversity of form, and on cymbals, timbrels, and tambourines of various shapes. Some of the figures are repre-

sented playing and dancing as if in a kind of masques or fancy ball.

The last scene of all,  
"That ends this strange eventful history,"

is the representation of the deceased; the doctor administering his prescriptions, the embalming of the body, the funeral procession, the hired mourners rending their garments, casting dust upon their heads, and uttering melancholy cries like the Irish *keeners*; and, finally, the interment of the Pharaoh in the magnificent family sepulchre, where "all the kings of the nation, even all of them, lay in glory, every one in his own house."

These details may serve to show the interesting light which the monuments have thrown on the history, manners, and customs of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt; but we are far from having exhausted the subject. The splendid work of Rosellini is very costly, and therefore accessible only to a few; but to such of our readers as may be desirous of making further inquiries into the subject, we would recommend the perusal of Wilkinson's "Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt," "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," by the same author, "The Antiquities of Egypt," published by the London Tract Society, and the articles Egypt and Hieroglyphics in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

#### RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

##### SECOND ARTICLE.

If I had followed the order of chronology, I should have begun these "jottings" with that genuine son of wit and humour, Joseph Gillon; for he was amongst the earliest of my acquaintances in Scotland, on very intimate terms of friendship with my husband's family, and was, moreover, what is called in Scotland "best man" at my wedding. His figure was not prepossessing; he was short, thick, squab, fat, and rotund; but for ready wit, repartee, talent, accompanied most happily by imperturbable good-nature and kindness, he had few equals. This was his character when I knew him in the days of my early youth; but I never saw him after his marriage, when he called himself, "Master of the Rolls;" having married a lady with some fortune, of the name of Baker.

He was never at a loss for a pun, and was the very life of all parties. Indeed, when John Ballantyne and Joseph met, and bandied jokes, playing into each other's hands, keeping the company in continual convulsions of laughter, it was more than could easily be borne. Alas! where are they now who

"Were wont to set the table in a roar?"

My husband having one forenoon called rather too early on his friend Joseph, at his lodgings in Edinburgh, found him under the hands of his tailor, who was busily occupied measuring him for a part of his wardrobe which must be nameless. "Be sure and make them easy now, Snip," said Gillon, "for if the breeks are no easy about me, I'm easy about them!"—true genuine Scotch wit, which will bear no translation.†

Scott brought pleasure with him into every party. His rich racy humour in telling stories, and giving anecdotes, always on the spur of the moment, was delightful. He had an anecdote ready, a story to match—or "cap," as the Scotch call it—every one he heard; and that with most perfect ease and hearty good humour. His first publisher, Mr Robert Miller, gave anecdotes very pleasantly, and one day after dinner he was telling us, that either he, or some friend, had been present at an assize court at Jedburgh, when a farmer's servant had summoned his master for non-payment of wages, which he (the servant) had justly forfeited through some misconduct. After a great deal of cross-questioning, "I'm sure, my lord," said the pursuer, "I'm seekin' nowt but what I've rowt for!" "Ay, my man," responded the judge, "but I'm thinking ye'll hae to rowt a wee longer afore ye'll get it though!" Scott was delighted, as we all were, with this courtly dialogue, and in his easy and unaffected manner, said, "Well, something of a similar nature occurred when a friend of mine was present at the justice court at Jedburgh. Two fellows had been taken up for sheep-stealing; there was a dense crowd, and we were listening with breathless attention to the evidence, when (from what reason I have forgotten) there was a dead pause, during which the judge, observing a rosy-cheeked, chubby-faced, country boy, who seemed to pay the utmost attention to what was going on, and continued to fix

\* Gillon was asked, of a young barrister of the liberal party, if he thought the man would rise. "I'll be bound he will," said Joseph, "at a general rising."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1819.

† Nevertheless, we may try. In Scotland, easy is often used in the sense of indifferent. Gillon meant that, if the garment was not easy, he did not care to have it.—Ed.

‡ The loving of a cow is called rowting in Scotland.

\* Wilkinson, p. 199-200.



his eyes on his lordship's countenance, cried out to the callant, "Well, my man, what do you say to the cause?" "Eh, goah!" answered the boy, "but that's a guid ane. What div I say? I whiles say pui hup, and whiles I say pui ho, to the caws"—meaning the calves, of course. But the "business" was quickly decided," continued the narrator, "for the whole court, judge and jury, were thrown into such convulsions of laughter that nothing more could be said or done."

As I have formerly stated, Scott could descend very easily and gracefully from the grave and serious to the most playful humour. A singular instance of this once occurred at a concert in Edinburgh, where I chanced to be. I, with a party of ladies, had taken my seat some time before the performance had begun, when I was surprised by the well-known and welcome sound of Mr Scott's staff, as it struck the ground, and in a few seconds he stood behind me. The room was crowded almost to suffocation, and there was no seat for him. My first impulse (considering his lameness) was to start off by my own, and offer it to him, as it was more painful to see him stand than to do so myself; but this offer from a lady, he, like a gallant knight as he truly was, peremptorily but politely declined: so there we stood bandying compliments, till, not to be outdone by him in kindness, I declared I would not sit down as long as he stood. Our seats were next to the wall, and in order to raise the back forms, the floor was somewhat elevated. On this, to my astonishment, Scott threw himself, exclaiming,

"Here I and sorrow sit—let kings come and bow to us!"

He spoke loud, and laughed heartily. All eyes were turned on us, and my position was rather an awkward one; for during my temporary absence from my seat, it had been occupied. Scott was still prostrate on the floor, and there being no appearance of anything in the shape of royalty in presence, I told him I greatly feared he would have rather a long sojourn, and that he had better rise, which he endeavoured to do; but in setting the staff firmly on the slanting floor, it unfortunately slipped from under him, and down again he fell! Some gentlemen seeing his perilous situation, now ran to the rescue. I made my escape from the field of action, and the concert began; but after so many consecutive disasters, it was impossible to pay any attention. Scott had no ear nor taste for music whatever, which, in my opinion, accounts for the very frequent deficiency of his verses in point of rhythm. I remember on one occasion that he wished me to sing a particular air to him, the name of which he had forgotten, and that he tried to hum it over; but it was utterly impossible to make out what tune he meant by his tuneless attempts at singing it.

His own unique anecdotes and stories were interminable, and he had always a fresh one ready at call. My husband had a green parrot—a very great favourite—which he carried about on his hand like a hawk; indeed it often perched on his head, and dressed his hair, by turning the curls over its black horny bill. One morning Scott found Poll busy arranging my husband's hair as usual. Mr Ballantyne told him some curious anecdotes of the bird, mentioning that as it sat on his fist as he was walking in the garden, he encountered old Georgie the gardener, who, staring with astonishment, asked him "What'n a beast that was?" "A beast!" replied Mr Ballantyne; "it's a bird, man—a parrot." "Eh, sir, that canna be a parrot; it's just a green crow!" responded Georgie. Scott laughed heartily at Poll's metamorphosis, and told us that he, or a friend of his, had a parrot, which, being allowed to wander about at pleasure in the grounds, used to come regularly at one o'clock in the forenoon (the hour at which the servants dined), and, rapping with its bill at the kitchen window, would ask, "Is the petawtis ready?" with a strong Northumbrian burr, which Scott imitated to the life, having the same peculiarity himself, which made the joke still better. I have never known any one fonder of dumb creatures than Scott. He did not, as he says, look with contempt on "a conversable cat to share a mess of cream with him."

He once asked me if I had read "Marriage," a novel, by Miss Ferrier. I said I had not. "Not read Marriage!" said he; "read it. In my opinion it is the very best novel in existence." I was on the point of saying, "What! better than the Antiquary?" but fortunately I corrected myself in time to substitute "St Leon," and so escaped Scott-free. Our relative positions were singular, and somewhat ludicrous; for I knew that he knew that I knew the whole secret from the beginning to the end, and yet it was a sealed subject—for ever locked up in the presence of each other. How this secret was so well, so long kept, is, and ever has been, to me a mystery. In a recent publication, a long list of titled persons has been given, to whom the secret was known; but I could give a still longer list of persons in the secret who had no titles—individuals in humble life, who, by some means or other (probably through the press), became thoroughly initiated, and still it was never revealed.\* The author wrote many pages of these novels in my house. For many years before his death, my husband drove and rode a very noble milk-white

hunter, called Old Mortality, which was so gentle and sagacious as to stop when he began to cough; and latterly being very feeble and emaciated, and not able to ride far at a time, if he said to it, "My man, I think we must just go home again," the noble animal would turn round his fine arched neck, and walk quietly back. Scott was so pleased when he heard this anecdote, that after Mr Ballantyne's death, he sent for Old Mortality, and gave him comfortable quarters for life at Abbotsford, where he died.

Mr Creech, the bookseller (with whom Scott was intimately acquainted), was an admirable story-teller, but he required to be coaxed, or wound up, before he would begin. His story of the two old Highland or Heelant wives who got *foe*, quarrelled over their cups, and were brought before the justice for brawling, was inimitable. I have seen Scott cry at it. The randies, being taken before the justice of peace, were desired to give an account of themselves in a distinct manner, and to say what was the cause of their quarrel. Neither of them could speak one word of English: at last, in some totally unintelligible, nasal, guttural gibberish, like the "unknown tongues," they commenced the relation of their real or supposed grievances, proceeding from words to blows, pulling, and scratching, and tearing at each other, like Punch and Miss Polly, till at last, quite exhausted with laughter, and not comprehending one single syllable the ladies uttered, the judge ordered them to be forthwith turned out of court, and the doors barricaded after them. Useless precaution; "love laughs at locksmiths," so did the ladies. The court-house was on the ground floor; the day was hot, the windows open; in came the pugnacious dames up to the "scratch" again as blithe as ever; and all that could be done was for the whole court to make their exit, and resign the field of battle to the belligerents. This story, from the droll manner in which it was told, threw Scott into convulsions of laughter, for he had a strong perception of the ridiculous, and was always delighted with anecdotes of that strain of feeling.

This gifted man, however, had little talent for epigram, as far as I am aware, though he admired and encouraged it in others; a trait in his character which is not much known apparently, as it has been mentioned by none of his biographers. (Here the reader must excuse a little egotism.) There lived many years ago in Kelso, a poor dyer, whose real name I never heard, being always distinguished by the cognomen of "Socrates"; for what reason I know not, unless it were that he had a vixen of a wife. One day my husband having told me that Socrates' wife was dead, I immediately went and penned the following

#### EPITAPH ON A DYER'S WIFE.

No more on earth she'll dye old duds,  
Quoth Socrates, "This well;  
But greatly lauded be the gods,  
That she has died herself!"

This little impromptu gained more applause by half than it merited, for my husband immediately carried it to Scott, who was reading or writing (which he very frequently did) up stairs at the time: in a few seconds my ears were regaled by a burst of merriment, and I heard the "staff" beating double-quick time, and very shortly afterwards my husband hurried down, and told me that Scott was delighted with Mrs Socrates' epitaph. "Tell her," said he, "that she who wrote that can do better things, and to try again."

I remember Leyden well: he visited us in Kelso in 1805. I do not think I ever saw him after that period. His face and figure are before me at this moment: his manner was rough and boisterous. I recollect an instance of it. My husband (then a very young man) was relating some humorous story to Leyden, who was, as usual, tilting his chair backwards and forwards, when, bursting out with his accustomed loud and vociferous exclamation, "But dash it, man!" he dashed suddenly backwards, lost his balance, and down came he and the chair sprawling on the floor. The furniture was shivered to atoms, but fortunately his own clever talented head escaped without damage.

My husband's humour (for he was no wit) was irresistibly droll.\* On one occasion, I remember, he

\* The appearance and comic powers of John Ballantyne are done justice to in Blackwood's Magazine for September 1819, at which time the wit was a living man. "Who could be dull in the presence of so delightful a compound of wit and warm-heartedness? We have heard a thousand story-tellers, but we do not remember among the whole of them more than a single individual who can sustain the briefest comparison with our exquisite bibliophile. Even were he as silent as the tomb of the Capulets, the beaming eloquence of that countenance alone would be enough to diffuse a spirit of gentle joviality over all who might come into his presence. We do not think Allan has quite done justice to Mr Ballantyne's face in his celebrated masterpiece, 'Hogg's House-heating.' He has caught, indeed, the quaint air of archness of the grin, and the light quick irresistible glance of the eyes; but he has omitted entirely that fine cordial suffusion of glad, kind, honest, manly mirth, which lends the truest charm to the whole physiognomy, because it reveals the essential elements of the character, whose index that most original physiognomy is. But the voice is the jewel—who shall ever describe its wonders? Passing at will through every note of seriousness and passion, down into the most dry husky vibrations of gruffness, or the most sharp feeble chirpings of an old woman's querulousness, according to the minutest specialities of the character introduced for the moment upon the stage of that perpetual Aristophanic comedy—why, Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Yates, Russell—none of them all is like John Ballantyne."

Mr Ballantyne was the author of a novel in two volumes, entitled "The Widow's Lodgings," a copy of which we have observed in the *parleur* *freidie* library at Abbotsford.—Ed.

threw a party into fits of laughter by telling them a particularly dull story, the object of course being to raise emotions of merriment by the manner in which he spoke, and the expectations he raised in the minds of his auditors. It was not so much what he said, as what he looked when telling a story; and, indeed, words were not always necessary; for a single glance of his bright expressive hazel eyes was often sufficient to throw the company into ecstasies of mirth.

#### SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

##### GOSSIP ABOUT PARIS.

PARIS—its palaces, churches, theatres, quays, streets, cafés, museums, and promenades—almost as well known as London to most readers of these pages, requires no description from me. It may be gratifying, however, for many who visited it in bygone years, as well as those who only know something of it by report, to learn that of late it has been greatly improved and beautified, and deserves, now more than ever, to be styled the capital of taste, luxury, and pleasure.

To observe that the Parisians have advanced considerably in the perception of what constitutes the elements of rational comfort, a very short walk through its leading thoroughfares is alone necessary. The town is losing its characteristics as a city of the middle ages, and acquiring those which belong to more settled and opulent times. In all quarters—some of the *fauxbourgs* perhaps excepted—the appearance of the streets is rapidly altering for the better. An English gentleman, long a resident in the town, observed to me one day that he believed Paris had been almost half rebuilt during the last ten years. This was an exaggeration; but it is certain that the building of new houses to replace old ones has been carried on extensively, and at no time have more been in course of erection than at the present moment. In old Paris the streets were narrow, dark, dirty, and destitute of foot-pavements, with a gutter, black as ink—the abomination alike of foot-passengers and riders—fester in the middle. In all cases where alterations have been made, the streets are widened about twelve feet; it being, I was told, a standing law, that when a new house is built in streets of a certain width, it shall be placed back a space of six feet. Besides this, there seems to be a rule universally followed of cutting off the corner in the last house of the street, by which large and convenient openings are secured at points where various streets meet. As a further improvement, every new street is furnished with a trottoir, and the gutters—no longer in the centre of the roadway—are placed alongside the pavement; in some cases, where it is important to save space, the gutters run beneath the overhanging edge of the pavement, and if not out of smell, are at least out of sight—an improvement which might be suggested with advantage to English street pavements. Asphalt is common; and for miles in length this material is spread on the side walks of the Boulevards, forming a cleanly and agreeable promenade.

The new houses of Paris, like their predecessors, are built of whitish stone, seemingly a blending of the qualities of lime and sand, and easily shaped by saws. The modern architecture, however, greatly excels the ancient; and many private buildings—those near the Madeleine, for example—are princely in their style of embellishment. From this circumstance, but more particularly from the increasing demand for good houses, and the cost of vacant spaces of ground, house-rent is unprecedentedly high in Paris. The annual rent of a single étage or floor, suitable for the residence of a family in a genteel quarter of the town, ranges from L200 to L300. Rents of from L70 to L100 for a floor are quite common; in short, house-rent in Paris may be taken, all conveniences considered, at double what it is in London, and four times what it is in Edinburgh. Such is the dearth of ground, that it is not unusual for the station of a building to cost L5000. I was shown one which cost L10,000. The house built on it was large and handsome, and consisted of six storeys, with a spacious interior court.

All these, and a hundred other improvements, are to be ascribed, in a great measure, to the peaceful and rational government of the present king of the French, since it is only from his accession to power that the nation can be said to date any distinct advance in those economics which, on this side of the water, are usually associated with practical civilisation. Louis Philippe's enlightened influence, acting less or more through the municipality, has effected much; but much yet remains to be done. Water, though flowing abundantly from wells and fountains, remains to be conducted into the houses; and of three hundred and sixty miles of street, only sixty are provided with

\* Perhaps this was partly owing to a certain awe with which all immediately around Scott were inspired, partly the result of his high personal character, and partly of his standing in society. With many it was in some degree a business secret, and on that account not to be trifled with.—Ed.



underground drainage. It is fortunate that the Parisians do not grudge the money expended by the authorities on objects of public utility, and that these authorities possess the intelligence to conceive and the power to execute measures of improvement. I am not aware of the existence of any corporate body in England which can in these respects be paralleled with the municipality of Paris, which engrosses a vast number of functions affecting the physical and social condition of the people, and draws large revenues from a variety of indirect taxes to support its expenditure. Headed by the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, and located at the Hotel de Ville—an edifice lately much increased in size, and of beautiful architecture—this body takes cognisance of and regulates various matters which in this country are ordinarily left to take care of themselves. Among other things, the municipality has the inspection and regulation of abattoirs, cemeteries, and funeral ceremonies. Such nuisances as Smithfield cattle-market, or Newgate and Newport Street abattoirs, in the heart of a great city, would not be tolerated in Paris. The much more discreditable because much more dangerous and indecent practice of inhuming 50,000 bodies annually in the confined churchyards of the metropolis—in some instances to the extent of 2000 bodies and upwards per acre, and therefore a mere sham interment—could not take place in Paris, or indeed any French town, the law or usage being against it; but in the English metropolis, these circumstances do not attract particular notice from the conservators of public health, if there be any such personages; and, great as the pollution is acknowledged to be, the custom has been cherished with a degree of reverence which still almost defies the possibility of amendment.

In a former residence in the French capital, I visited, like every other stranger, and with the same sentiment of curiosity, the cemetery of Père la Chaise, which I remember considering the most interesting thing of the kind I had ever seen. On the present occasion, I inspected this as well as the other burying-grounds with relation more to social economics than to external attractions. The cemeteries of Paris are three in number—Père la Chaise, Montmartre, and Mont Parnasse. All are situated without the town, in airy situations, and are of considerable extent. Père la Chaise occupies the face and summit of a hill in the eastern environs, and extends over about one hundred acres. Montmartre crowns the conspicuous height lying immediately on the north of the town, and is seemingly about fifty acres in extent, much broken into picturesque knolls and bushy and deep recesses. Mont Parnasse lies beyond the southern barriers, on a ground more level than the others, and includes about thirty acres. The plan on which these different cemeteries is laid out, is that of giving the ground as much as possible the appearance of a picturesque shrubbery, interspersed with rows of monuments in various styles of taste. Both in design and execution the general plan is admirable; and with the single deficiency, that the whole are kept in a state of reprehensible slovenliness, they are models for imitation.

Out of a population of 900,000 in Paris, about 30,000 die annually—a heavy proportion; and of these a very large number—one authority says a third—are buried at the public expense. The public, however, through the municipal administration, is in reality the burier of all and sundry—the monopolist undertaker for the whole population. The business of a private undertaker is not permitted in Paris. According to our notions, there is a dash of despotism in this arrangement, yet the system is more beneficent than our own. At a season of affliction, when least able to battle with worldly affairs, and perhaps with purses pretty well emptied by long payment of medical fees, we are delivered over by custom to an undertaker, whose charges are squared by no other rule than his own caprice. In Paris, on the other hand, all is done *selon le règle*. The municipality steps in with its tariff; the contractor performs his duty under the eyes of a constituted authority; and the surplus of gains, instead of enriching an individual, goes to swell the funds devoted to the public service. If robbery be at all allowable, I am clear for the public being the party benefited; for in this way one has a chance of enjoying a portion of what he has been patriotically despoiled. The municipality of Paris commits the entire duty of undertaking to contractors, who form an establishment called the *Service des Pompes Funèbres*, which engages to bury every one who dies—all ceremonies included—at certain rates, allowing a certain per centage off the proceeds. Under the terms of the contract, which is regulated by royal ordinance, there are nine classes of funerals in which the expenses are graduated from 3968 francs 50 centimes for the first class, to 15 francs for the ninth class. A considerable proportion of the charge in each case is for religious ceremonies previous to interment. In the ninth class, the actual expense of coffin and funeral is but 5 francs, while 10 francs are payable for the “*cérémonies religieuses*.” While visiting Montmartre, I chanced to see one of the cheap class of funerals. A hand-bier or barrow, with a canopy somewhat like that of a hearse, contained the coffin, decently covered by a pall, and was carried by two functionaries in mourning apparel. The bier walked in front, and a group of mourners, but in

ordinary attire, followed the bier. On lowering the coffin into one of a series of twenty graves standing open, I remarked it was only a plain wooden box, with a lid shelving down on each side like the roof of a house. During the brief ceremonial of interment, two women, probably relatives of the deceased, continued kneeling at a short distance; and when all was over, they advanced and hung crowns of immortelle on a wooden cross placed by the sexton at the head of the grave. The religious ceremonies over the deceased had been performed previously in a chapel. Such was, as I imagined it to be, a fifteen franc or twelve-and-sixpenny funeral. In the higher classes of funerals there is much religious pomp, with the attendance of priests, tapers, crosses, and mourning coaches. The sixth class, in which the charge is 155 francs, is that ordinarily adopted by families in the middle ranks; an additional charge of 75 francs for an anniversary religious service is considered “respectable.” The *Service des Pompes Funèbres*, in consideration of these charges, is bound to bury the poor gratuitously. That the sums respectively exacted would admit of considerable reduction, is evidenced by the fact that the municipality at present draws a revenue of L.28,000 from the profits, and also is benefited to the extent of L.20,000 more by the sale of tombs. The proceeds, in both cases, are devoted to pious uses, principally the support of churches and hospitals.

The two great hospitals for the reception of the poor and the insane, though little visited by strangers, are among the most remarkable establishments of this great capital. A few days previous to my arrival in France, I had visited the asylum for lunatics at Hanwell, and while my mind was still fresh on the subject, I was desirous of seeing any establishments of the kind in or about Paris. Through the kindness of a friend, I was introduced to two gentlemen occupying a high station in this department of medicine in France, Drs Voisin and Falret, and invited, in the first place, to visit their private asylum at Vanves, in the southwestern environs of Paris. This establishment I found to be on a scale for which I was not prepared. Placed in a healthful and beautiful situation several miles from town, it occupies eighty acres of ground, variously laid out as gardens, cultured fields, meadows, walks, woods, and is provided with six or eight separate houses of a handsome villa order, more or less secluded, and devoted as so many boarding-houses for patients of different ranks and sexes, and degrees of mental alienation. Nothing more beautiful could be imagined as a retreat for the insane; while the treatment, as I had everywhere occasion to observe, was of that tender and conciliatory kind which had been introduced by the practice of Pinel and Esquirol, of whom all our English physicians in this branch of medicine may be considered as followers. Interesting as was our visit to this extensive *ferme ornée*, in one of the finest days of the season, it was considerably less affecting than that to the Bicêtre, where I had been invited to attend at an early hour next morning by Dr Voisin.

The Bicêtre is an establishment of enormous dimensions, situated at the head of a rising ground, about two miles from town, on the road to Fontainebleau, and commanding an extensive panoramic view of Paris. Originally, in 1204, a chateau of the Bishop of Winchester (hence its popular designation, successively Bicestree, Bicestre, and Bicêtre); afterwards a military hospital; next a prison for criminals, it ultimately was transformed into a great receptacle for indigent old men and male lunatics. It consists of large stone buildings, surrounding three spacious courts laid out as gardens, along with various subsidiary structures, and accommodates altogether 4000 inmates. The greater proportion are poor old men, who, but for such an asylum, would be mendicants in the street; and as I went through the various wards—viewing the neat and clean dormitories, the vast salle laid out for a *déjeuné* of soup and bread, the kitchens, in which soups and meat were preparing for dinner, the large bakery and laundry, the dispensary, the chapel ever open for devotion, and the pavilions for recreation in weather which does not permit of exercise in the open air—I thought that even the workhouses of England, with all their recommendations, are here more than rivalled in comfort. But the accommodations for the infirm do not speak more for the beneficence of the institution than the means adopted to assuage the condition of the insane, who are placed under the chief and humane direction of Dr Voisin. Scarcely knowing what I was to see next, I was led—along with other gentlemen, visitors like myself from foreign countries—into a large saloon fitted up with forms, on which were seated 200 persons in various degrees of moral and intellectual incapacity; some natural idiots, others only insane. At one end of the group were about 20 boys, all idiots, forming a distinct class. In the midst of the general assemblage, seats were placed for the visitors, and here also was a finger organ, the size of a cottage piano, at which a musician presided; behind him was an orchestra of twenty performers on different kinds of instruments. Being seated, and all having books before them, the signal was given, when in an instant there burst forth a popular song from the whole assembly, sung in parts in excellent style, and accompanied by the

instrumental performers. A second piece was sung, after which an Italian gentleman, one of the audience, a professional musician in Paris as I understood, volunteered a solo for the amusement of the patients; and I need hardly say that his powerful rich voice excited lively emotions in all who were present. In some measure, as an acknowledgment of this kindness, the patients offered to attempt an Italian song, “*Canto di Partenza*,” which being agreed to, they performed it with apparently the same ease and skill as they had done the piece in their own language. The termination was followed by loud acclamations of “*très bien*” from the gentlemen visitors. For my own part, I had heard nothing more exhilarating for years, and when I marked the attention and enthusiasm of the singers, I could not but coincide in the generally expressed opinion that the exercise could not fail to excite a healthy tone in the morbid cerebral organs. Dr Voisin's intention, however, is not alone the curing of the insane by this daily exercise in music; he proposes by it, also, to improve the faculties of idiots—a thing hitherto supposed to be beyond the reach of art. And the attempt, as he informed his auditors, had been followed by encouraging effects. His operations on the younger portion of the assembly, in all of whose faces was the expression of congenital imbecility, gave much satisfaction. At his request they sung one of those vivacious chansons which may be frequently heard from groups of French peasants, “*Le Départ du Conscrit*,” beginning,

“*Pour se mettre en route  
Dans son noble état,  
Souvent il en coûte  
Au jeune soldat.  
Plan, plan, plan, rataplan, rataplan,  
Plan, plan, plan, rataplan, rataplan.*”

As the unfortunate little creatures rattled through the verses of the chanson, their faces gradually lightened up, their eyes beamed with delight, their heads and feet went in measured time to the air, and when they ceased, they received, with evident tokens of satisfaction, the commendations for their excellent performance.

Before my departure, I visited the school set apart for the instruction of juvenile idiots, and at the same time received from an intelligent medical élève, M. Grivot, some explanations of Dr Voisin's curative process with respect to this unfortunate class of beings, on all of whom, except the utterly deficient and positively confirmed, he proposes to effect a melioration beneficial to themselves and society. The substance, however, of what I learned on the subject, is too lengthy for insertion here, and in a separate paper I shall have an opportunity of presenting Dr Voisin's views of natural incapacity, drawn from a much better source than casual observations—a work which he has lately given to the world, entitled “*De l'Idiotie chez les Enfants*.”

The merit of commencing the humane treatment of imbecile children, to which I have alluded, is, I believe, chiefly due to Dr Falret, who, in his capacity of a medical director in the Salpêtrière, has signalled himself by his enlightened views respecting alienation in all its afflicting forms. Invited by this benevolent person, I attended at the Salpêtrière on the morning after being at the Bicêtre. The Hospice de la Vieillesse (hospital for old women), as this establishment is properly called, is situated close by the Jardin des Plantes, and therefore within the exterior barriers. Entering from the Boulevard by the great gateway, we have before us an open garden-ground, and beyond it the front of a pile of buildings which extend backwards around various courts to a considerable distance. The buildings, which are in the old French style, were begun in the reign of Louis XIV., on the site of a saltpetre manufactory—hence the popular name of the hospital—and have since been considerably extended. In the centre of the main pile of buildings, fronting the entrance, is the chapel of the institution. On entering it for a few minutes, I found it to be as spacious and commodious as an ordinary parish church; like all the places of public worship in Roman Catholic countries, it remains open from morning till night, and at the early hour on which I visited it—between seven and eight o'clock—two poor old women were already kneeling in mute devotional exercise before the principal altar. The spectacle was certainly touching; provision of the most ample kind made for the private devotions of paupers!

The general accommodation of the Salpêtrière is most extensive. In the different wards there are beds for upwards of 5000 persons, including the indigent, the epileptic, the insane, and the naturally imbecile. My visit was confined principally to the department for the two latter classes of inmates, which is situated in an inclosed pleasure-ground, at some distance from the other buildings. Conducted into this secluded spot, I was shown various edifices and enclosures appropriated to different classes of the alienated, and the whole so effectually cut off from each other, that no single class could see, hear, or

\* This, and other pieces sung, will be found in a small volume, entitled “*Recueil de Chansons pour les élèves de l'Hospice de la Bicêtre*.” It is printed by E. J. Bailly, Place Sorbonne, No. 2, for the use of the Hospices civils; but not sold to the public. I was obligingly favoured with a copy of this interesting compilation.



molest the others. This, it may be supposed, is an improvement on our English asylums, in which one roof generally covers all classes, and hence entire separation, according to degrees of alienation, cannot be readily effected. The greatest attention is bestowed on this at the Salpêtrière. The more noisy class of patients are confined within an enclosure surrounded by a lofty wall. This enclosure is laid out as a green field, dotted over with trees and seats, and all round are rows of neat small cottages, each consisting of a single apartment with a bed, and appropriated as the residence of a single patient. When we entered, a dreadful clamour of tongues was set up from the various inmates, all scolding from their respective doorways; but the scene was in some measure ludicrous; and I was informed that, exhausting themselves by these periodical torrents of invective, the patients retire quietly into their quarters, and do not molest the general peace during seasons of repose. To effect the beneficial arrangements, both as to seclusion and out-of-door exercise, a large space of ground is necessarily required, but in this there appears to be no stint; the grounds are on a princely scale, and the liberal maintenance of the institution reflects the highest credit on the civil administration of the country.\*

After wandering over the different infirmaries for the insane, and admiring the tidiness with which they were kept, we entered a tastefully fitted up saloon, in which were assembled, as at the Biotre, from one hundred to two hundred inmates, for the purpose of musical recreation. Arranged on forms, and neatly attired, without any badge of pauperism, some sewing, others knitting, they seemed like a large family party met to celebrate some happy occasion, instead of being poor insane women, separated from their friends and from external society. I was glad to see this buoyancy of feelings, and naturally inquired of Dr Falret what was the prevalent cause of their alienation. He informed me that it was chiefly domestic misery. Our conversation on this topic was interrupted by the entrance of the music-master, who, seating himself at the organ, began to play, accompanied by the voices of all the females present. Several pieces in different measures followed, the singers uniting with much glee and fervour. During the playing of the more solemn airs, some were affected to tears, but not apparently tears of agony; they seemed the manifestation of the tenderest emotions, the overflow of long pent-up and reviving consciousness. By way of varying the amusement, and turning the thoughts into a new channel, Dr Falret invited any one to favour the strangers with a recitation. The request was immediately obeyed. Several women and girls, one after the other, stood up and spoke from recollection pieces of poetry with excellent effect. The rule seemed to be, that when the slightest error occurred, the speaker should sit down as having failed. One or two over-ambitious females faltered, and smilingly retired from the competition; but others delivered themselves of long pieces, probably of a hundred lines each, without once tripping or mispronouncing a word, and in tones so sweet as to make what is allowed to be a monotonous language really harmonious and beautiful.

Thanking Dr Falret for his obliging attention, I departed at the conclusion of this interesting *séance matinée*; and, with the reader's permission, will take him in the attendant *citadine* to another Parisian institution, for which I carry a card of admission from M. le Prefect de Police.

## NOTICES IN SCIENCE AND ART.

### HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

WE believe there is now exhibiting in London a new electric apparatus, called Armstrong's Hydro-Electric Machine, the power of which far exceeds anything ever before shown. The production of electricity by steam, like many other important discoveries, was purely accidental. In 1840, a workman at Newcastle happened to thrust his hand into the steam discharged by a common boiler, when he received a severe shock, for which he could not account. This fact being mentioned, Mr Armstrong applied himself to a series of experiments, which proved that the workman received an electric shock, and that the common steam-boiler was capable of producing a more copious and powerful stream of electricity than any other apparatus. The machine now exhibiting at the Polytechnic Institution is nothing more than an ordinary boiler, with a few metal points added at the top, the more effectually to produce the negative electrical state to which the machine is brought when the steam is discharged. One of the trials of this new machine is thus described in the

various scientific journals:—"The pressure of ninety pounds on the square inch had been, in practice, found the best for all experimental purposes; and, with this pressure, the machine produced effects, compared with which the very large electrical machine heretofore exhibited at the institution was powerless. Instead of sixty spontaneous discharges in a minute, the Hydro-Electric machine produced one hundred and forty; and filled Leyden jars, having eighty square feet of tinfoil, in twelve seconds, whilst the former machine filled them only in fifty seconds. A constant stream to all parts of the boiler was kept up, and with this increased power it may well be supposed that all the former electrical experiments were greatly increased in magnificence. The passage of the electricity over the tinfoil on the tubes was far more brilliant, and the aurora borealis exceeded in intensity and in beauty anything before witnessed; the violet colour was brighter, and at the same time deeper, and the exhausted receiver showed more plainly the progress of the electric spark. Five discharges were taken consecutively from the battery over beaten metal, placed upon paper, in a less space of time than could possibly have occurred by the aid of any electric machine hitherto made. Nor were the experiments confined to those already performed, increased though they were in brilliancy. The electricity was passed through, and ignited common wood shavings; and an electric spark easily and immediately ignited loose gunpowder." With such a power yet unworked in experimental philosophy, it is impossible to predict what important results may be brought to light. The common electrical apparatus has been but of limited use in the arts and sciences, principally from the difficulty of attaining sufficient and equable power, a difficulty which is at once obviated by Mr Armstrong's giant machine.

### NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF TEA.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Peligot read a paper on the chemical combinations of tea. M. Peligot states, that tea contains essential principles of nutrition far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties; and shows that, as a stimulant, tea is in every respect one of the most desirable articles of habitual use. One of his experiments on the nutritive qualities of tea, as compared with those of soup, was by no means in favour of the latter. The most remarkable products of tea are—1st, the tannin or astringent property; 2d, an essential oil to which it owes its aroma, and which has a great influence on its price in commerce; and 3d, a substance rich in azote, and crystallisable, called *theine*, which is also met with in coffee, and is frequently called *caféine*. Independently of these three substances, there are eleven others of less importance, which enter more or less into the composition of tea of all the kinds imported into Europe. What was most essential, as regards the chemical and hygienic character of the plant, was to ascertain the exact proportion of the azoted (nitrogenised) principles which it contains. M. Peligot began by determining the total amount of azote in tea, and finished by finding that it was from 20 to 30 per cent. greater than in any other kind of vegetable. M. Peligot states, that by reason of this quantity of azote, and the existence of *caféine* in the tea-leaf, it is a true aliment.

### OROPHOLITHES.

A new material for roofing houses, lining tanks, cisterns, &c., is coming into notice, under the above name, which, as far as experiments have shown, bids fair to be brought into extensive use. The Mining Journal describes it as a fine gritty cement laid by machinery upon light open canvass, forming a substance rather thicker than common oil-cloth, for which purpose it is offered as a substitute. It is manufactured in various colours and designs, with this advantage, that the colours penetrate the solid material, and, consequently, the pattern lasts as long as the fabric, which is so hard, that the blade of a knife may be rubbed away upon it as effectually as on a grindstone. In use, it forms a continuous surface, being laid in large sheets, lapped on the edges, and joined together with the cement itself, and generally weighs about 13 lbs. to the square yard. It can be laid down at about half the price of zinc, and even considerably less than slates or tiles; and its extreme lightness and impermeability to water and damp, render it particularly suitable for all building purposes, while its portability will enable the emigrant to avail himself of its advantages—furnishing him with a light and durable material for roof, wall, and floor, while it prevents the harbouring of newts, scorpions, lizards, and other noxious and disagreeable vermin. A French company for the manufacture of this fabric has been some years in existence, and is scarcely able to meet the demand. It is sanctioned by the government and the Royal Institute of France; and in England it has been employed at the government works at Deptford; the Royal Botanic Society of London have also used it extensively in their buildings, and several architects and engineers of eminence are adopting it in preference to any of the old modes of roofing, &c.

### RESPIRATION OF LEAVES.

Mr Haseldine Peppy, after several years' careful experiment on the products of the respiration of plants, and more particularly of their leaves, deduces the fol-

lowing general conclusions:—First, That in leaves which are in a state of vigorous health, vegetation is always operating to restore the surrounding atmosphere air to its natural condition by the absorption of carbonic acid and the disengagement of oxygen: that this action is promoted by the influence of light, but that it continues to be exerted, although more slowly, even in the dark. Secondly, That carbonic acid is never disengaged during the healthy condition of the leaf. Thirdly, That the fluid so abundantly exhaled by plants in their vegetation is pure water, and contains no trace of carbonic acid. Fourthly, That the first portions of carbonic acid gas contained in an artificial atmosphere are taken up with more avidity by plants than the remaining portions; as if their appetite for that pabulum had diminished by satiety.

### SILVERING CAST-IRON.

The combination of iron with carbon (cast-iron) from the ease with which it melts, and the consequent possibility of taking the finest impressions of form, has come into very extensive application. The art of founding converts cast-iron into enormous arches, columns, cannons, and also into the most delicate bracelets, earrings, &c. Unfortunately the moist atmosphere very soon alters the surface of these objects, and it is found necessary to coat them with paint, which gives the metal—the colour of which is itself not very attractive—the appearance of mourning. In the present state of the art of founding, cast-iron might easily be substituted for bronze, were it not for its sombre appearance. This disadvantage may, however, be entirely overcome from the possibility of plating it with silver. This discovery has been made by Major Jewreloff, St Petersburg, who finds that articles of cast-iron are equally susceptible of silvering as objects of copper or bronze. A solution of cyanide of potassium and chloride of silver is first prepared; in this the object to be coated is immersed, the deposition of the metallic silver on its surface being effected by the usual electrotype process. If the surface of the cast-iron be previously well cleaned, and the Galvanic battery be composed of a zinc and a coke cylinder, Major Jewreloff finds that an object four inches square can be completely plated in thirty minutes.

### "ENGLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO."

WE copy the following from a clever article entitled "England Sixty Years Ago," in the sixth number of Mr Jerrold's *Illuminated Magazine*; a periodical which seems to increase in vigour as it advances.

### POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

Among the amusements of the people at the period I am treating of, the universal practice of bull-baiting is perhaps the one most characteristic of the state of society. The poor animal was brought out with great soothing and gentleness, and led to a stake in the centre of a place, which, like the "Grande Place" in France, was the modern forum of every town, and called the Bull Ring. When he was once secured, or believed to be secured—for there were instances where, in his agony, he broke his bonds, and wreaked vengeance on his persecutors—when once believed to be firmly secured, a loud shout from the multitude pronounced the approaching triumph of humanity—one by one the ferocious bull-dogs were loosed upon him. While he possessed his full vigour, he was able to anticipate the designs of his opponents, and when the dog, in the instinct of his nature, tried to seize the nose, either impaled him on the point of his horns, or tossed him aloft higher than the houses, when his fall sometimes burst his bowels, and sometimes, though rarely, killed him on the spot. I have seen the mutilated dog, torn and bleeding, drag himself again towards the bull with all the ferocity of his nature, and die before he could reach the spot, or perhaps the bull, unable to reach him with his horns, turned round and trampled him into a shapeless mass with his heels.

The monsters in human shape who bred the dogs for this horrible pastime, filled the air with imprecations, or notes of exultation, as the failure or success of their favourites brought them gain and honour, or loss and disgrace. Wagers were bandied about with a vivacity amounting to frenzy, and many a man, led on by the excitement of the moment, lost a sum which ruined him for life.

The ferocious tenacity of these dogs, when they had once seized the nose of the bull and pinned him to the ground, was wonderful: the bull could not move from his position because of the agonizing pain of that exquisitely sensible organ; any attempt to shake off his opponent was vain, and in this dreadful torture was he retained, till, either from the difficulty of breathing on the part of the dog (while his jaws were thus fixed), or from the period allowed by the laws laid down for the regulation of this humane amusement having expired, the dog was pulled away by his master—a difficult thing, and seldom accomplished without the aid of snuff crammed into his nostrils; the snuff was bestowed liberally also on the bull, and when he raised his mutilated lip aloft and roared with agony, another universal shout of exultation announced the delight of the bystanders.

One of these bull-dog breeders staked a large sum of money that his dog would allow his shoulder to be separated from the body without relinquishing his hold of the bull, and he won his horrible wager! Having just anatomical knowledge enough to know where the principal artery was placed, he passed his knife behind the shoulder blade, as we do in carving a rabbit at table, and separating the whole shoulder and limb from the

\* The entire number of hospices for poor and infirm in Paris is 21, and the number of infirmaries or hospitals for the sick and hurt is 15, having altogether about 20,000 beds, and supported at an expense of nearly 20,000,000 francs, or £750,000 sterling. The support of the whole is derived chiefly from portions of the duties on articles admitted into the town, called the octroi, contributions of certain per centages on admissions to theatres, dues from the Mont-de-Piété (pawnbroking establishment), dues from funerals and tombs, and interest of funded property. The practice of supporting beneficiary institutions by direct local taxes is scarcely known in France. The Hotel des Invalides, the great military hospice at Paris, is a government establishment.



body, left it dangling by the blood-vessels and a few fibres of muscle which he had avoided to cut. The dog retained his hold for a quarter of an hour, when the loss of blood made him faint away, and his noble master rewarded his merits by cutting his throat. This was mercy.

At last, however, the poor bull, worn out with fatigue and agony, would crouch down, and burying his nose between his legs, leave his whole body exposed to the malice of his enemies. Sticks, armed with sharp nails, were driven into his flesh, and especially into those parts deemed to be most sensitive!—the hellish cruelty of the crowd never ceasing to reproach him with cowardice. Cats were tied to his tail; this generally roused him to fury, and as the poor creature was swung backwards and forwards, screaming and clawing, sometimes fastening his tail to his side, sometimes to his back, and sometimes fixing their talons between his legs, shouts of laughter and obscene jokes told the joy of his tormentors.

When still further exhaustion proclaimed the approaching termination of the game, and the wretched animal lay down in a pool of his own blood and that of the dogs he had destroyed, a bunch of furze was tied to his tail, and others fixed by nails in his back, and set on fire. This was capital fun; at this moment my heart is sick with the recollection of having clapped my own little hands in transport at the wild fury of the mutilated beast in his staggering agony of terror.

Thank God these times are gone! and the mechanic or manufacturing artisan who once took delight in such atrocities, has been partially awakened to a sense of the dignity of his own being, and has learnt to prefer the coffee-shop and the reading-room, the mechanics' institute, with its lectures and its elevating intercourse between mind and mind, to the unspeakable horrors of the bull ring.

#### ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD.

The insecurity of the roads was such, that to travel after dark was considered a wanton risk and foolhardy exposure to danger. The royal mail was repeatedly robbed, and the ordinary coaches frequently. The apathy of the public at these atrocities may be judged from the following incident. My father was desirous of benefiting by the new invention of gold touchholes, and accordingly brought up to town with him the barrel (only) of his fowling-piece. When he arrived at Bagshot, and had taken an early dinner, and while there was still an hour of daylight, the landlord came into the room uncalled to remonstrate on the danger of passing the heath, and to urge him to wait till morning, when he would have plenty of companions; told him that a celebrated highwayman on a white horse (!) had already robbed several families that day! and that there was every probability that he was still prowling about. My father, who had business of importance in London which required his presence early the next morning, determined to run the risk—half believing that the landlord's object was to secure the advantage of another guest for the supper, bed, and breakfast—so he passed on. He was scarcely arrived at the middle of the heath when the celebrated highwayman, on his white horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and made him repent his temerity in rejecting the counsel of the landlord. It happened that the muzzle of the fowling-piece was visible at the open window; the man, looking askance at it, moved round to the other side; it was changed over to the other side, and carefully pointed in a proper direction, so as apparently to be ready for execution, while only just enough of it was shown to give it the aspect of a horse-pistol; again he rode round, and again the barrel was changed. After a few more of these reconnaissances, the enemy thought it most prudent not to persevere in the attack on a man apparently so well prepared, and he galloped away.

Now, what would be thought of such an event in the present day? Here was a series of robberies in broad day; no pursuit—no other excitement in the country but that of terror, and a cowardly acquiescence in what was thought to be an inevitable evil—the white horse, too!—as if in defiance and contempt of the "authorities." In fact, in the immediate neighbourhood of London even these things were done with impunity: the late Dr Babington, father of the present eminent physician, was twice robbed and ill-treated in broad-day on Blackheath, and the man was never discovered.

So intolerable was this state of insecurity, that a very spirited Irish physician, practising in London, whose name I regret to have forgotten, was moved to remedy the mischief. One remarkable man had committed not merely many audacious robberies but many acts of wanton atrocity: the gentleman prepared himself for his dangerous course of knight-errantry, and sallied forth in his carriage, in each hand a double-barrelled pistol. The highwayman had scarcely time to present his pistol and utter the usual formula "stand and deliver," when he received the contents of two barrels in his body, and fell dead from his horse. The doctor, having provided himself with cord, stuck the man's ankles on the spikes behind his carriage, and tying them securely, left the body hanging down, and the head dragging on the ground. In this fashion he drove back into London, to the astonishment and horror of the populace, the head being battered to pieces on the stones. This little exploit was as extensive an advertisement as could be wished, and the effect was extraordinary; for more than a year there was an entire cessation of horseback robbery.

Is it not strange that the public could acquiesce in the existence of this reign of terror? We can hardly conceive that such a state of things could be tolerated for a single week; yet, after the most audacious act of robbery, the country did not rise universally as they would do in the present day, and spread the hue and cry for twenty miles around as quickly as horse could travel, but quietly lamented their hard fate, resolved never to travel late in the evening, and confided themselves to the protection of a police so notoriously defective; yet that police was, I believe, just as anxious to discover offenders as the

present, but they were ridiculously weak in numbers, and the public gave them neither information nor assistance, although the persons of the robbers were well known, and people went every evening to that celebrated den of infamy, the Dog and Duck, to see them in their symposia, enjoying their claret and champagne along with their fame. [The Dog and Duck was a species of tavern on the site of the present Bethlehem Hospital, and to this place, adds the writer,] persons of the strictest character were in the habit of going as to a show, where were pointed out to them the "man that robs on Hounslow;" the man "who attacked the gentleman's carriage last week at Bagshot;" the "celebrated pickpocket Barriington;" the "eminent footpad of Norwood;" and so on, just as we should point out at the theatre the officers who had distinguished themselves in such and such a battle, or the celebrated speakers in parliament. These men set public decency at defiance till their hour was come, till they were ripe, as the phrase was; when a long career of success having rendered them careless of precautions, the fruits of their plunder were found on their persons, or in their rooms, under circumstances that made conviction inevitable, and they were then duly strangled for the edification of their fellow-creatures.

The following is a more pleasing reminiscence of past times; though, we should think, more nearly forty than sixty years ago.

#### FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR.

We were near a dépôt for French officers on parole, and their free admission into society, as well as the admission of so many emigrants of first-rate education and refined manners, had, I think, some effect on the sentiments of their entertainers. Intemperance never was a French vice, but, indeed, intemperance in the use of French wines is a very different thing from intemperance in the use of port, sherry, and malt liquor. One exhilarates, the other stupefies; the effect of the first soon passes off, but the other remains till the next day or the day following.

How erroneous is the opinion commonly entertained of the character of French emigrants! That the increasing complexity of governmental embarrassments necessitated a revolution may be conceded, but that it was produced by general depravity of the higher orders, and of the clergy, I utterly deny. France, till her disastrous interference with the revolt of our colonies, was rapidly progressing in wealth and happiness, and there is every reason to believe that all the alterations necessary to adapt the form of government to the progress of knowledge would have taken place quietly; but when the most inflammable appeals on the abstract right of resistance were spread amongst the people, translated from the English language—when a nation of political children were fed on brandy caudle instead of pap—it is no wonder they were driven mad, and would not wait for the slow progress of social reform, especially when they saw the success of such principles on the other side of the Atlantic. When once a revolution was established, it assumed the form of all revolutions, and became a contest of the "have nothings" against the "have somethings." Whenever such a contest is fairly in train, there can be little doubt of the issue when one party outnumber the other twenty to one.

But how exemplary was the conduct of the refugees: unlike the Spaniards—a great number of whom I was acquainted with, who absolutely knew nothing and could do nothing—the French emigrants set themselves energetically to work to gain a living, by the accomplishments which had been the ornaments of their prosperity—drawing, fencing, dancing, languages, mathematics, geography, and other acquirements, were accessible to all the youth of England, from the very humble remuneration they required. Men who had been compelled to relinquish twenty thousand a-year, occupied themselves in making list shoes and feather tippets, rather than be a burden on the country which afforded them shelter; and then the heroic cheerfulness with which they bore their misfortunes was more than noble—it was sublime.

Above all, the clergy—men who might have stayed in their own country without danger, had they consented to take an oath of obedience to the new state of things—an oath which only the most punctilious conscience could disapprove—these men preferred poverty and exile to the slightest breach of what they considered their duty. It was a different thing with the nobility, who, being distinctly convicted of large possessions, could give no guarantee to their despoilers but their heads; for the patriots did not place entire confidence in their new title-deeds, unless signed with blood; the crime of hereditary wealth could only be adequately punished by decapitation. With the clergy, however, a slight concession would have placed them in safety; but it was contrary to their consciences, and they refused.

It was very affecting to see the cheerfulness and good temper with which these unhappy people submitted to their fate; their patient endurance of the taunts and insults to which the then state of the public mind subjected them; the violent anti-Christian hatred, not merely of the Catholic system but of its professors (a totally different thing), which then actuated the populace, nay, the mass of the nation. I remember with shame the feeling with which I then joined in little annoyances, and the humility and benevolent compassion which disarmed us in spite of our bigotry.

I was taught French at less than half-a-crown a lesson by a man who had been minister of state; and again, by one of the most amiable and most virtuous of men, a mitred abbot; and I recollect with admiration the pure patriotism with which they heard of the triumphs of their countrymen, even when those triumphs seemed to insure their own exile and poverty, and of the sorrow with which they heard of disasters which promised their own restoration to wealth and honour. If I were a Frenchman I would point to these things with more pride than to the victories of Jupiter Scapin.

#### SONG.

[From the *Literary Gazette*.]

I HATE those wild spirits that either are crowing,  
As if of the sun they had more than their share,  
More boisterous far than a nor-wester blowing,  
Or sunk in the uttermost depths of despair.  
Give me the firm nature that, tranquil and fearless,  
Some hope 'midst the tide of misfortune can find;  
Nor too sanguine to-day, nor to-morrow too cheerless,  
But reason the rudder that governs the mind.

Those weathercock-feelings that ever seem fated  
To change their direction whatever winds draw;  
One moment depressed, in another elated—  
Now led by a feather, now lost by a straw:  
Give me the true heart upon which there's reliance,  
Ere known what the hour's passing humour may plan;  
One that laughs at slight cares, or can bid them defiance,  
And bear his misfortunes, erect, like a man.

CHARLES SWAIN.

#### CLIMBING IN TAHITI.

In one of my morning walks, I had a fine opportunity of witnessing the method pursued by the natives in climbing the cocoa-nut tree, which runs up in a branchless and leafless trunk to the height of fifty or sixty feet, at the very top of which it is crowned with broad waving leaves, among which the fruit is found adhering to the trunk. The loftiness of these trees, whose branchless aspect makes their ascent appear impracticable to a novice, was evidently intended by nature as a stimulus to the sluggish natives of tropical climates, where she has displayed herself with a luxuriance that calls for but little exertion to obtain the means of subsistence. Desirous of obtaining a fine bunch of cocoa-nuts that were growing upon the summit of one of the loftiest of these trees, I succeeded in coming to terms with the owner of them, after a protracted discussion upon the terms of the agreement. The necessary stipulations being made with the owner of the cocoa-nuts, a long line is produced, with which, a boy, having his feet fettered with a short rope, so that they are twelve or fourteen inches apart, commences ascending the tree. Pressing his feet against the trunk, the friction of the rope gives him a good foothold, while, with his hands clasped together around the body of the tree, he vaults upwards with surprising agility, and disengages the nuts with a hatchet which he carries up with him, and lowers them down with the rope. There were eight or ten nuts in the bunch, for which I paid but twenty-five cents, a sum I would willingly have given to have witnessed the activity of the native in the ascent of the tree.—*Olmsted's Incidents.*

#### WIVES.

Oh! what a happy day would that be for Britain, whose morning should smile upon the making of a law for allowing no woman to marry until she had become an economist, thoroughly acquainted with the necessary expenses of a respectable mode of living, and able to calculate the requisites of comfort in connection with all the probable contingencies of actual life. If such a law should be so cruel as to suspend for a year or more every approach to the hymeneal altar, it would, at least, be equally effective in averting that bitter repentance with which so many look back to the hurried manner in which they rushed blindfold upon an untied fate, and only opened their eyes to behold their madness and folly when it was too late to avert the fatal consequences.—*Mrs Ellis's Wives of England.*

#### PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Cast an eye into the gay world; what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity? The decayed monuments of error! The thin remains of what is called delight!—*Young.*

#### RAILLERY.

The railillery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible, which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.—*Fielding.*

#### PRIDE.

Pride, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us that fools are the most addicted to this vice, and a little reflection will teach us that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly, we see that while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies, and triumphing in their own sufficiency.—*Fielding.*

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